

THE  
**Chap-Book**  
SEMI-MONTHLY

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# THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER 7

AUGUST 15TH

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## THE SHADOWS

DUMB as the dead, with furtive tread,  
Unseen, unheard, unknown,—  
And never a Gloom that turns his head  
As they stride where I crouch alone!

For this is the grisliest horror there  
As the brutal bulks go by:  
Right on they fare with a stony stare  
Nor heed me where I lie.

Though I strain my eyes as I freeze and cringe,  
Till the sockets sizzle dry  
And the eyeball shrieks like a rusty hinge,  
They will never impinge mine eye.

I shall see nought but the silver darks  
Of the sky and the dim sea,  
Where horrid silver loops and arcs  
Foam phosphorent at me.

But the cliff, the cliff! Lo, where thereon  
Their silent shadows file,  
One after one, one after one,  
Mile on remorseless mile.

Dull red, like embers in a grate,  
Against the sulphur crag  
They play about the feet of Fate  
Their awful game of tag.

RICHARD HOVEY.



A DESIGN BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY IN ILLUSTRATION  
OF POE'S TALE, "THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH."

## "TRILBY"

"TRILBY" is two things: it is a little, simple, light-hearted story, lop-sided, discursive, having breaks and patches; and it is also already a masterpiece *hors concours*, so that when you come before it, the only sage remark you can make is dumb-show; that is, you may with great propriety take off your hat. Its background is so treated that it takes rank as a new thing in English fiction. Others have attempted to draw the life of the Quarter, but none with this blitheness and winning charm,—not even Mr. Henry Harland (Sidney Luska) in his idyllic "Land of Love," which deserves to be better known. The spirit of "Trilby" is the very essence of the best old English humor, as if Fielding, Steele and Thackeray had collaborated upon it in Paradise (forgetting just a little the rules of their mundane grammar, the conditions of their mundane style!) and transfused into it their robust manly gaiety and their understanding tenderness of heart. Indeed, its every page seems to breathe forth Thackeray's darling axiom: "Fun is good; Truth is better; Love is best of all." It is a capital illustration of the capital French thesis that a subject counts for nothing, but that the treatment of a subject counts for everything. Let the average readeress, a person of conventions, go through "Trilby" from cover to cover. Her attitude at the end is Mrs. Bagot's own: affectionate and bewildered surrender. "Trilby" itself is what its heroine ingenuously calls the "altogether." It is an elemental human book, staged without costumes, attractive for no spurious attribute, but only through its gentleness and candor. It constrains talk, only because it has so strengthened feeling.

As for the tone of it, it has escaped mysticism, by great good fortune. Hypnotism, apprehended and faintly feared from the first, is used with an exquisitely abstinent touch. There is nowhere too much of it, and therefore it becomes credible and tragic. Svengali's evil influence hangs over the

victim whom it glorifies like a premonition of the Greeks, formless, having no precisely indicated end or beginning. His soul passes; and the music in her forsakes her on the instant and passes with him. You are not told this; you gather it. The tale is crowded with these inferences, and the duller or cleverest reader is alike flattered at finding them. So with the relationship of Little Billee and his stricken Trilby, fading away among the cheery and loyal painters who take pleasure yet in her perfections: there is not, in the written record, so much as a private look or sigh between the two any more; only Trilby's saddened confession to a third person that her girlish bosom had subdued itself at last to a meek, motherly yearning over her wild little worshipper, who nearly won her at the nineteenth asking.

The final chapters are out of proportion; chance, or weariness, led the author to hurry his thoroughly interesting hero off the scene in a few nervous paragraphs. But even this is no serious defect, for the general impression must be maintained; a prolonged soft orchestral strain for Little Billee would be mere sentiment and episodic, the significance of "Trilby" having ended in Trilby's dying with the wrong name upon her lips. Every part of the wonderful story is unconsciously managed with artistic reference to the whole; its incidents are as rich in meaning as you care to consider them. Trilby opens her heart to the Laird, and is most lover-like with him who is most brotherly. Her mother, poor lass, was an aristocrat with the bar sinister; her clerical father, a bibulous character enchantingly outlined, was her only authority for her disbelief in dogma. No stress is laid on these characteristics and conditions; but they tell. Taffy preserves an English silence when Gecko speaks his soulful and spills over. You half resent the hearty postlude, through your own too acute memory of what is past. Yet the book was bound to end in a *tempo primo*, in a strain of peace and hope as like as possible to what was hushed forever, the jocund dance-measure of art and friendship and Latin-Quarter youth.

For "Trilby" is comedy, after all, genuine comedy, and it is so to be named, albeit with a scandalous lump in the throat. As it is, we take it; we covet it; we will pay any price for it; we cannot get along without it. "*Je prong!*"

Mr. Du Maurier is not the first artist in England who has come over the border into literature with victorious results. Opie and Fuseli were among the most suggestive of thinkers and talkers; Sir Joshua lectured with academic vigor and graceful persuasiveness; Haydon had an almost unequalled eye for character, and a racy, biting, individual manner with his pen. But no artist has so endowed the world of romance. Mr. Du Maurier's achievement is not of malice prepense. As Dian stole to Endymion sleeping, so has immortal luck come upon him, chiefly because he did not, like the misguided Imlac in "Rasselas," "determine to become"—a classic. "Trilby," born of leisure and pastime, is vagrant; heedless of means to the end; profoundly modest and simple; told for what it is worth, as if it were at least something real and dear to the teller. Out of this easy, pleasure-giving mood, from one who is no trained expert,—who has no idea to broach of disturbance or reform,—out of genial genius, in short, which hates the niggardly hand and scatters roses, comes a gift of unique beauty. It crowns the publishers' year, as do "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," "Perleycross," and "The Jungle Book." With these great works of great writers, it stands, oddly enough, as tall as any; fresh, wide, healthful, curative, like them; and like them, a terrible punch on the head to a hundred little puling contemporaneous novels, with their crude and cowardly theories of life.

The "Trilby" pictures, haphazard and effectual as is their text, can bear no more direct praise than that they are verily Mr. Du Maurier's. The masterly grouping, the multitude of fine lines, the spirited perspective, are here as of old. Some of these illustrations, not necessarily the best, stay on the retina; among such, surely, is the ludicrous, dripping funeral procession of the landlady's vernacular lie; that huge pro-

cession filing up-street, with one belated, civic infant on the reviewing-stand! Hardly second to it as a spectacle is the high-born rogue of a Zouave, enacting the trussed fowl at midnight on the studio floor, or the companion gem, set in the dubious out-of-doors of the great original Parisian Caryatide. Of the serious drawings, there is a memorable one among the three of Trilby singing, with her delicately advanced foot, and falling hair, and the luminous Ellen-Terry-like look in her kind eyes. Above all, who can forget the pathetic, pleading figure of the little boy Jeannot, in his pretty Palm Sunday clothes, losing his holiday, losing faith in his sister, and of Trilby over him, revoking her promise, and compassing what was in very truth the "meanest and lowest deed" of her brief, unselfish life? She cried herself to sleep often, remembering it, but to Mrs. Bagot it was monstrous trivial: "the putting-off of a small child." Her too typical phrase, "wrong with the intense wrongness of a right-minded person," as Ruskin says, gives you a pang. So does the inscription under the last glimpse we have of Little Billee, poignant enough without the *Quae nunc abibis in loca* which rushes its sweet pagan heart-break into the Rector's mind. In these casual intolerable thrusts deep into the nerve of laughter or of tears, Mr. Du Maurier demonstrates his right of authorship; these, and not vain verbal felicities, constitute his literary style.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.



## THE YELLOW BOOK

"TALKING of an acquaintance of ours," writes the most quotable of biographers, "whose narratives . . . were unhappily found to be very fabulous; I mentioned Lord Mansfield's having said to me, 'Suppose we believe one half of what he tells.' JOHNSON — 'Ay; but we don't know which half to believe.'"

When, some months ago, a certain group of young London amateurs announced — or, rather, screamed to a world already slightly wearied but still willing to be amused, their intention of starting a new and intensely modern magazine, it was thought, from what was already known of the founders, that their choice of colour for the binding of the quarterly was singularly apt, as it would save us the usual quarantine questions that we are sometimes tempted to put to their productions. However, two harmless numbers of *The Yellow Book* have now appeared, edited by Mr. Harland and buckram'd by Mr. Beardsley, our expectation of amusement has been fulfilled, and the quarantine removed; but — and here we are in the Doctor's quandary — while we are willing to take at least one half of *The Yellow Book* seriously, we don't quite know which half. For the magazine is devoted to two objects, "Literature," in the first number called "Letterpress," and "Art"; and the publishers, to make good their promise of modernity, have expressly declared that the text will have no relation to the pictures and the pictures no relation to the text. Now that the first two numbers have been published, it would, perhaps, be unfair to such contributors as Mr. Henry James, Mr. William Watson, Sir Frederic Leighton and Mr. Sargent to say that the text has no relation to Literature and the pictures no relation to Art. As for the others, after giving them the most careful and pained scrutiny, I am inclined to think that, in intention at least, the text is the more conscientious part of the quarterly, and, therefore, more deserving of serious consideration.

Most of the verse of this second number of *The Yellow Book* is various and indifferent. Mr. John Davidson leads off with sixteen stanzas in Bab-ballad metre, entitled "Thirty Bob a Week." A few lines will suffice to show its lyric character:

"I couldn't touch a stop and turn a screw,  
And set the blooming world a-work for me,  
Like such as cut their teeth — I hope, like you —  
On the handle of a skeleton gold key.  
I cut mine on leek, which I eat it every week:  
I'm a clerk at thirty bob as you can see."

After finishing the poem it is difficult to decide whether or not Mr. Davidson is overpaid. Miss, or possibly, Mrs. Dollie Radford next unwinds a pleasant little "Song," although on a very slender pipe. It has the Haynes-Bayleyan merit of being singable, and all the charm of modest unimportance. Mr. Austin Dobson contributes one of his well-groomed little fancies — "to E. G. with a Volume of Essays" — called "*Sat est Scripsisse*." Mr. Dobson is one of the most faithful beaux of the Muse, and she generally rewards him with a happy little trill. Katharine de Mattos' lines to the Portrait of a Lady (Unknown) have a certain pathological strength that is wanting in Mr. Norman Gale's "Betrothed." Mr. Gale has written some verse that was very charming in his first book, "A Country Muse," just a bit cloying in his last book, "Orchard Songs," and, I don't know what, in *The Yellow Book*. In this last he has omitted the blackbirds and the cherries, but it amounts to the same thing in the long run, for at the last he tells us: And whatever my grief There is healing, and rest, On the pear-blossomed slope Of her beautiful breast. Which is perfectly satisfactory to all good lovers of Herrick, amongst whom Mr. Gale is conspicuous. After a longish poem by a Mr. Alfred Hayes, the verse of *The Yellow Book* ends with an Epigram of Mr. William Watson's. It is too pretty to miss quoting:

"TO A LADY RECOVERED FROM A DANGEROUS SICKNESS.

"Life plucks thee back as by the golden hair —  
Life, who had feigned to let thee go but now,  
Wealthy is Death already, and can spare  
Ev'n such a prey as thou."

Like the verse, the prose of *The Yellow Book* is also various and indifferent, with one or two luminous exceptions. The opening article is "The Gospel of Content." For eight pages Mr. Frederick Greenwood leads us to believe that he is either writing or about to write a story; but this is a hollow cheat, and simply the ultra-modern way of introducing the next fifteen pages, which consist of the slightly philosophical paterings of an elderly and reformed Russian enthusiast. "Poor Cousin Louis," by Ella D'Arcy, is rather better; after hesitating some time on the *pons asinorum* of her introduction, she succeeds in telling a strongly-conceived story definitely and well.

The reader is almost led to agree with Mr. Charles Willeby when, in his article on "The Composer of 'Carmen,'" he says: "What little has been written about poor Bizet is not the sort to satisfy." However, in spite of his unconscious modesty, Mr. Willeby has succeeded in compiling a very appreciative article on the composer. "Poor Bizet," says Mr. Willeby constantly, "poor Bizet." The expression is happy; we do not say "Poor Mozart," "Poor Chopin,"—why then do we say "Poor Bizet," with that queer little touch of affection? But, after all, I do not think that *The Yellow Book* gives us in twenty pages the picture of Bizet that Daudet gives in the half-dozen words of his dedication of "L'Arlésienne"—"*A mon cher et grand Bizet.*"

"Passed," by Charlotte M. Mew, may as well be skipped, as may the second and third of the three stories by "V., O., and C. S." Mr. Dauphin Meunier's appreciation of Madame Réjane is distinctly worth reading as is the very charming little tale of "The Roman Road," by Kenneth Grahame.

Then, after denying yourself "Thy Heart's Desire" of Miss Netta Syrett, Mr. Crackenthorpe's roundabout remarks on "Reticence in Literature," and Mr. Beerbohm's letter, you will be ready to appreciate the superiority of Mr. Henry Harland's creative powers to his ability as an editor. "A Responsibility" is an exceedingly clever study, in spite of the fact that one of the gentlemen in it "wore shamelessly the multicoloured rosette of a foreign order in his buttonhole, and talked with a good deal of physiognomy."

At the end, like the good wine in the parable, comes Mr. James' story. It is impossible to analyse Mr. James' charm; he is so aggressively clever, so complexly simple. You wonder why he twirls around so much, and yet the twirls are what delight you. An old Cambridge friend of his said the other day, "Harry James has got to that point now that he doesn't care so much what he says as how he says it." The real Jamesite doesn't care at all — he would be amusing if he wrote on the binomial theorem. "The Coxon Fund," however, would float any number of *Yellow Books*, and is among the best of Mr. James' short stories; and that is saying much.

The "Art" of *The Yellow Book* consists of twenty-three plates, the list headed by "The Renaissance of Venus," in Mr. Walter Crane's best manner, and ending with four designs for the backs of playing cards, in Mr. Aymer Vallance's worst manner. In between comes a dreary waste of artlessly messy sketches, with a grotesque oasis of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and a capital sketch of Mr. Henry James by Mr. Sargent. Mr. Alfred Thornton contributes a landscape that would have made Doré wriggle; Mr. P. Wilson Steer gives a "Portrait of Himself" with the unimportant omission of the head, a "Lady," and a "Gentleman" with the antepenult highly accentuated; Mr. Sydney Adamson pictures a "Girl Resting" on what seems to be a bed of wet snow; and Mr. Walter Sickert adds to the gaiety of the book with his three drawings, — "The Old Bedford Music Hall," a portrait of Aubrey

Beardsley, and Ada Lundberg. These last two are very precious; the portrait of Mr. Beardsley is a pretty little commentary on the modest, quiet, well-bred taste of that gentleman in his selection of the plates to publish. Then follow some inanities by a Mr. MacDougal, a Mr. Sullivan, and a Mr. Foster, a rather decent "Study" by another Mr. Sickert, and we have finished the list of artists, with the exception of Mr. Beardsley.

Of Mr. Beardsley what can I say? On looking at his cover design and his first three plates of "Marionettes" the conviction grows that his much-praised technique is degenerating into a mere pyrotechnique. His "*Garçons de Café*" is clever and very French, his "Cinderella" is tiresome, and his portrait of Madame Réjane is perhaps the most charming outline he has ever done. Mr. Beardsley is young, at times very morbid (which is a polite little modern way of saying "nasty"), and always brilliant. Of late, he has been imitated and parodied; one or two artists in *Life* and *Punch*, thinking that they could do something in his manner if they would only abandon their minds to it, have tried and failed. For which we should be grateful.

After all, the quiet, pervading charm of *The Yellow Book* is its brazen inessentiality. Furthermore, it is most attractively printed; and bound so that at a distance it looks pleasingly like *Chatterbox*. In the long run, the ancient love of simple dignity and self-respect in literature and in art will probably prevail again; meanwhile, *The Yellow Book* is winning a well-deserved popularity. So let us sigh "*finis*."

PIERRE LA ROSE.

## PARABLE

I MET a pilgrim in a mountain path  
And spake, and fared beside him many leagues.  
He said his name was Life, and far away  
In the young morning of the past he rose  
And took a staff and travelled ever since  
To regions of the sky, yet never came.

I asked who was his father, and he said:  
I know not, but I go to find his house.

HARRISON S. MORRIS.



## THE DREAM OF AN AGREEMENT

HE had been lying in a hammock, under a sky that hung over the garden like a blue dome. His eyes had looked into the farthest recesses of that sky until into the azure there had come myriads of diamond points that flashed and fled like will o' the wisps. As a matter of fact, it was the blue that was hurting his eyes; to his dream-laced fancy it seemed that the flashing diamonds were curious letters, types that spelt out curious runes.

Presently he arose with a smile on his face and went indoors. It was a small, delightfully simple cottage that they had chosen for the summer, and there were so few rooms in it that only the three of them, His Wife, Contentment, and Himself, were harbored there. So, when he passed on to the vine-clad veranda, his wife heard him and came and sat beside him. Looking up, through the firs that glistened silver on their under shadows and glowed with the green that is the green of an angry sea, she saw the sea of blue.

"How deep, how silent that sky is!" she said softly, laying her hand gently on her husband's arm.

"No," he said slowly, and so sweetly that the contradiction took on a greater charm than an approval, "no, it is not silent — always. Just now — I was adream in the hammock — it told me a story that was — very astonishing." He repeated the words gravely. "Very astonishing! That a sky so old as that one should be so very modern in its ideas, is — very astonishing. For this was a most modern recital that I heard. And yet — why do I call that sky old? — is it not born anew every day? How delightful to have that happen to one! How completely one could enjoy today, if there was the perfect consciousness that there would be no tomorrow! And how the obliteration of yesterday would sweeten today! If I were a scientist, I would invent an elixir that — what? — the story that the sky told me? Oh, very well."

He came downstairs humming an air from "The Mountebanks."

His wife was waiting for him. He gave her a kiss; they passed into the breakfast-room together.

"This morning," he said to the maid as he sat down, "you need not wait. We shall — help ourselves." He watched her pass out, shrugging her shoulders a little; he saw that she closed the doors quite tightly; he smiled a little and turned to his wife. "A whim," he explained, "a mere whim. This coffee — these eggs — they are delicious!"

She smiled. "I am glad you are — comfortable. I have tried so for that."

Presently he spoke again.

"Yes: comfortable. But not happy. The fact is" — he reached out his right hand and took her left up tenderly and pressed the dawn-hued fingers to his lips, — "I fear that I am — tiring."

He watched her, not very apprehensively. He knew her very well; he was as sure of her as any man ever can be of a creature of the other sex.

Her eyes smiled a trifle, and her lips seemed to resist, with

an effort, the desire to curl laughwise. "Ah," she said, "tiring? Of me, I suppose?"

"Exactly. I am quite sorry. We have been marvellously comfortable. We have rarely quarrelled. Our ideas and ways have gone together beautifully. We have been almost ideally suited. Unfortunately, I have a very volatile temperament; I must have change. In you, I have sounded all the changes there are; I don't think there are any left, at least. That is the pity: there is nothing left! I have found out all about you; my curiosity is dead. And curiosity is such a large part of love! It was a very pleasant task, the stilling of my curiosity about you; but the silence is, h'm, slightly depressing. My ideals — you have realised them all! That is another pity. If you will take a piece of advice: always leave a man with some unrealised ideals! He is happier so, with that yearning in him. To feel that one still has something to yearn for is one of the pleasantest of pangs. Dear me, how delightful it has been! You see, I put it in the past. For I am very much in need of a change. But I am inordinately sorry. Quite — singularly — sorry. I do not remember ever having been so sorry before."

She reached for another lump of sugar and poised it for a moment above her teacup.

"It is a pity," she said. Then she let the lump of sugar fall, and waited for her husband to speak.

"You are right," he went on, "it is a great pity. The greatest pity of it is that I realise perfectly what an idiot I am not to know that it is hopeless to think I shall find anyone more satisfactory than you. You are beautiful; merely as an inanimate object you would be grateful to the eye, and as flesh and blood you are a delight. You are clever; quite clever. Unfortunately, I have discovered just how clever you are. Also, that your beauty is an exact quotation. There is nothing elusive about you: you are so beautiful, your wit is up to this standard, and your disposition is of just that sunniness. If there were something in which you did



not satisfy me so perfectly, I might — have kept silent. But as it is —” He stopped and looked at the painting that hung over the sideboard. It was a water color by Hassam, and it had the curious virtue of disclosing a new nature every day; that was why it hung in this man’s house.

“It is altogether my fault,” he began again, apologetically, “altogether. It is my unfortunate, change-loving temperament. You understand, do you not?”

She sipped her tea, meditatively.

“It is really very strange,” she began, “that you should have spoken of this today. I was going to refer to the subject myself. You don’t know how it pains me to tell you this, but — I myself have been guilty of getting tired. Of you! Think of it! If anyone had told me two years ago that I should ever tire of you! But, heigho, Time is a rude destroyer of idols. For you were my idol, you know. ‘You were’ — what a pity that I cannot say ‘You are’!”

He had lit a cigar. She had always allowed him that; it was one of the things upon which they had agreed so delightfully. He tipped off the ashes, before he said, expectantly:

“It is a curious coincidence. Coincidence,— h’m, coincidence must be sexless: it is too curious for a man, and it has too much humor to be a woman.”

“Yes; if ever there was a coincidence that deserved the name, this is it. As I was saying, and incredible as it may seem, I have decided that you are, h’m, too good for me. I think that must be it. At any rate, I can only be unhappy with you — hereafter. You have given me all I have asked for; nay, you have given me all I have wished for. Unfortunately, there are some things — I do not know what they are — that I long for, that you have not given me. I think it is your own fault: you have spoilt me. You have taught me the game, and now I want a partner who can interest me more than my teacher. I also — it is really uncanny, this coincidence — am chameleonic in my desire for change. You have been so persistently delightful! Why

did you not beat me? Women love men who mistreat them."

He watched the fragrant cigar smoke curl into a ring and float towards the frescoes. "I had never thought of that," he murmured.

"Fatal omission! If you had beaten me until I writhed — what a novel sensation! I should have hated you terribly; and then loved you more than ever. But you have been so placidly perfect. Yes, I admit that it is my misfortune; I appreciate your many delightful qualities but they are grown stale. I want — something different. I am vacillating as a weathercock! Until lately I fancied that you were versatile enough to satisfy me; I realise my mistake, unwillingly. You have shown me every side of yourself; every nook of your nature has been disclosed to me; I am still unsatiated."

She stopped, sighing sadly. This time, it was she who looked at the fading rose tints of the Hassam. "Ah," she sighed, almost as if she were speaking to the picture, "if we had, each of us, not been quite so frank! If we had kept always something of ourselves in reserve!"

"Yes," he said, "if only we had done that! But it will be a lesson to us." He smiled at her. "Because, I suppose, under the circumstances, we might as well agree to" —

"Disagree?" She completed the sentence for him. He smiled acquiescence and she continued, "Yes, we might as well. It is very fortunate that this has always been so easy of accomplishment here."

"Very! Oh, there will be no difficulty. It is also fortunate that we are so agreed in the matter. It would have been awkward, if we had been forced, either of us, to accuse the other of — anything unpleasant."

She gave a mock shudder and let her pretty brows cloud to a momentary frown. "It would have been dreadful!"

"Then I suppose," he said, pushing his chair back from the table slightly, "that we may consider the matter settled. The actual arrangements are easily effected." He cleared

his throat a little, and looked at her, in some little embarrassment. "I shall not conceal from you — now that we know each other's minds so perfectly — that I — that there is someone about whom I am — curious, someone who has not yet realised my ideals!"

"I am glad," she said, as sweetly as if she had been a mother advising an only son, "very glad. I hope she will not make the mistakes I have made." She put out her hand for the bell. "I myself may — it is just possible — presently probe the versatility of another man."

He laughed, as he stood up, pushing the chair away altogether. "Do you think he will beat you?"

"Ah," she smiled, "how should I know? Is he not still a mystery?" And then she touched the bell, and said to the maid, "You can clear away, now."

She walked out of the room, her husband holding the door open for her.

And so, presently, they were unmarried and lived happily ever after.

"Oh, but I don't like that story at all," said his wife, when he had finished, "it is all so like a sneer. It is cruel, as cruel as the nineteenth century. Why have your stories all been so sad of late? What has happened? If you do not tell me a happy story soon, or at least one that is not bitter — I shall not listen."

He sighed and was silent.

PERCIVAL POLLARD.



## NOTES

IN making some researches in early American literature recently, I came across the name of a man who had devoted his younger years to writing poetry. But there was not enough money in the occupation, and after publishing one book of verse, he gave up literature for a livelihood as a bad job. What should he turn to next? As it happened, he took up the very last thing that could have been thought of—the most prosaic career conceivable—that of a dentist. And, strangely enough, his new occupation seemed in no way to dull his poetical faculties; it only changed his theme, and shortly there appeared over his name a volume entitled:

“Dental Hygeia: A Poem on the Health and Preservation of the Teeth.”

“Good morning, Mr. Davis.” “Harding Davis, if you please.”  
“Oh! pardon! Mr. Harding Hyphen Davis, if you please.  
I only called to say how much I like your journalesse.

A little more familiar and a little less at ease  
With the rules of English grammar than would suit a  
Bostonese,

’T is yet a fitting instrument to render thoughts like these,—  
The thoughts of Mr. Davis.” “Harding Davis, if you  
please.”

THE CHAP-BOOK presents its compliments to the *Bangor Whig and Courier*, and congratulates it on the possession of a peculiarly wise and well-read Literary Editor. Slight and senseless book reviews are not by any means uncommon things in these days, but it is indeed seldom that one comes across such a naïve and lovely bit of criticism as the following:

“‘The Ebb-Tide,’ a Trio and Quartette, by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne, is a handy little leisure day volume containing twelve dainty little stories, the joint production of these two favorite authors. Price, \$1.25,” etc.

A friend of mine who passes for a very fair poet was reading the other day from his works. He came to a passage:

"For this pink of female gender  
Tall and shapely was and slender,  
Plump of bust and neck and arms."

At this point he was interrupted by his little boy:

"Say, papa, you mustn't say *bust*; you should say *burst*."

It is with not a little regret that I hear "The Knight Errant" is dangerously near dying. Not that anyone ever



doubted it would die, but it really deserves a better fate. From the very start it has had a high position among the humorous papers of the country.

Its circulation has not been large, and its literature was not remarkable, but it has always been interesting. It was the

work of young men — men of much culture, considerable cleverness and fair energies. It showed a tendency — which, while decadent in itself — was delightful in its opposition to commercialism.

Its range of knowledge was wide and pleasing, even if it was especially erudite where the House of Stuart and Contemporary Poetry were concerned.

"Nay, our warfare," say the editors, "is with heresies and treasons, backed as these are by the kings of this earth. We fly the banner of yesterday, which is that of the morrow. We are inclined to believe that the present separation of pictorial and literary art is unwarrantable and unwise. We ask for health and scope in literature, and that the narration of an incident in the life of Miss or Mrs. Jones (Mrs. is the more modern thing) shall not take the place of royal old romance, the putting into heroic words of the heroic deed.

"We also believe that Art may be, must be, moral; but here the odds are so overwhelmingly against us that philosophy bids us smile and say no more."

With such a creed it was altogether a magazine we were glad to have: it was an undertaking to be encouraged by all who care for a broad development among us, and its threatened discontinuance is very much to be regretted.

It is announced that "a certain well-known firm of publishers have signified their desire to assume the duties of maintaining the magazine, provided" the subscriptions reach a certain number. That the periodical may still live, I sincerely pray, and in all honesty I endorse its spirit and recommend its interest.



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*The Publishers have to announce that Numbers I and II of THE CHAP-BOOK are now entirely out of print, and subscriptions can begin only with the issue of June 15.*



*The next number of THE CHAP-BOOK will contain contributions by LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, CLINTON SCOLLARD, RICHARD BURTON, PERCIVAL POLLARD, and others.*

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